

A compositor lived next door to a carpenter.

For some reason they were not on friendly terms—quite the reverse, in fact. Whenever Mrs. Comp. met Mrs. Carpenter in the street or the garden, each lady tilted her nose as high in the air as possible.

If one put up new curtains the other tried to improve on them. Mr. Comp. one day brought home a second-hand bicycle, soon after Mr. Carpenter had a brand new one.

Mr. Carpenter went forth to the world arrayed in a gray suit and straw hat. The next Sunday Mr. Comp. strolled out in flannels, with a Panama.

Two days afterward Mr. Carpenter affixed an enamelled iron plate to his front garden gate bearing the legend: "No Hawkers, No Canvassers." He then retired proudly.

It was Mr. Comp.'s turn, and he played the last card.

The very next evening, in fourteen-inch letters, was the following notice on his front garden gate: "No Carpenters."

George Wingfield had a race horse named Letitia of which he thought a good deal. Charlie Stout, a well-known sport of Reno, also had a race horse of which he thought a great deal, Spokane Queen by name. Now Wingfield desired to add Spokane Queen to his string. In this desire he was merely on a par with Charlie Stout, who was equally desirous of adding Letitia to his string. The two horsemen met in the Golden Hotel at Reno the other evening, and discussed the matter.

"Let's settle it this way," said Wingfield, taking a half dollar from his pocket. "Call it, Charlie, and Letitia is yours. If you don't call it, Spokane Queen is mine."

"Fair enough," said Stout, and the coin spun in the air.

"Heads," called Stout, and heads it lay; so Wingfield was minus a thousand-dollar thoroughbred.—San Francisco Town Talk.

Blinks—Did you have anything in your garden this spring? Jinks—Oh, yes, several varieties. Blinks—What, for instance? Jinks—My neighbor's Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns.—

Bobbie—But why do you reject me? Is there another fellow? Bessie—Possibly! Did you think you were the last of the species?—Puck.

THE HOT-WATER WAGON

A cup of hot water on rising,
A cup of hot water at noon,
A cup of hot water on going to bed,
Sipped leisurely out of the spoon,
Will act as a tonic for anything chronic,
And keep every organ in tune.

A cup of hot water reduces,
A cup of hot water adds fat;
A cup of hot water will fill out your curves,
Or make you as slim as a slat,

And even for cancer you get the same answer—

A cup of hot water cures that.

A cup of hot water with lemon,
A cup of hot water with salt;
A cup of hot water with pineapple juice,
Or mint, or molasses, or malt;
If your nerves are unstrung or you've bitten your tongue,
The system 'twill superexalt.
—From Town Topics.

"Can you keep a secret?" I am silent as the tomb." "I need to borrow some money." "Don't worry, old man. It is as though I never heard it."—Puck.

Mr. Flubdub—That girl thinks no man is good enough for her.

Mrs. Flubdub—She may be right, at that.

Mr. Flubdub—Yes, but she is more apt to be left.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever make a start on that automobile you intended to buy?" "In a small way only. We've laid in a thermos bottle, which my wife says will be a great convenience on our long tours if we ever get an automobile."—Puck.

Mrs. Newcom—Before we were married you said that my slightest wish should be your law. Mr. Newman—Exactly, my love; but you have so many vigorous and well-developed wishes that I am as yet unable to decide as to which is the slightest.—Pittsburgh Post.

"Is your boy Josh burning midnight oil?" "No," replied Farmer Cornlossel; "but his automobile keeps the gasoline goin' about eighteen hours a day."—Washington Star.

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals? Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor.—Christian Register.

"Some of the greatest problems of life are yet struggling for solution." "Yes, but don't worry. Graduation day essays are on the way. They'll settle 'em."—Browning's Magazine.

"Some opera stars get enormous salaries." "Yes. After reading about the sums they draw, it seems strange that there's enough money left to carry on the war in Europe."—Washington Star.

Tom—So you really think you have some chance with Miss Coldcash, do you? Jack—That's what. She is beginning to find fault with my necktie.—Indianapolis Star.

Hector—What did your father say when you told him I was a war correspondent? Imogene—He said he would give you something to write if you didn't leave early tonight.—Brooklyn Life.

"That lady plays bridge every week-day of the world. Isn't she wonder-

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ful?" "Can't say that she is. By wonderful we mean something to wonder at. Now, if she remained at home occasionally and looked after her home, that would be wonderful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gentleman of the Road—Kindly 'elp a pore, lonely, 'omeless man, guv'ner, wot's got nothink in the world but a loded revolver and no conscientious objection to usin' it!—Passing Show.

Alice—I hear your husband is going to have an aeroplane? Eva—That's something I wouldn't permit under any circumstances. Mourning colors don't become me.—Liverpool Post.

"You are lying so clumsily," said the observant judge to a litigant who was making a dubious statement of his case, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."—Browning's Magazine. Judge.

Romantic Bridegroom (on the honeymoon)—Suppose we had never met. She—Oh, I should simply have married another man.—Topeka Journal.
He—I would die for you. She (wearing)—Well, what are you waiting for?—New York Times.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row. "Well, Tommy?"
"The porcupine!"

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